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ALAN JOHNSON, FORMER MCGILL FOOTBALL STAR, WINS THE MILITARY CROSS FOR CAPTURING 16 GERMANS SINGLE-HANDED.

For taking prisoners fifteen German soldiers and one German officer, Lieut. Godfrey Alan Johnson, Sci. '12, former well known McGill athlete and prominent student leader, has just been awarded the Military Cross, according to advices which reached the University yesterday. Lieut. Johnson accomplished the capture of the Germans by making use of the same presence of mind which used to stand him in such good stead when he captained the McGill football team on the gridiron back in 1911. It was in the course of the recent operations on the Somme front after the Canadians had captured a German trench. Lieut. Johnson was called up with his Field Company of Canadian Engineers to assist in consolidating the position, and in erecting the necessary defences, those erected by the Germans having been demolished by the Canadian artillery fire. While his men were engaged in this work, he, unaccompanied, unarmed and totally unprepared for any hostile attack, proceeded to take a stroll through the former German works. Arrived in front of a former German dugout, he was surprised to see the head of a German officer appear at the door. Although he was without a weapon of any kind, Johnson readily took in the situation, and making a motion towards his hip pocket, caused the German officer to throw up his hands in true "Kamerad" fashion. With the officer there surrendered fifteen soldiers who had hidden in the dugout to escape the bombardment and had been overlooked by the British soldiers in their cleaning-up process.

Lieut. Johnson, besides playing football with the McGill team, was connected with various other undergraduate organizations, including the Students' Union, of which he was vice-president. He was president of the Football Club. Lieut. Johnson's home is in Ottawa, and he went overseas a year ago, and since going to France has been attached to the 11th Field Company, Canadian Engineers.

GENERAL HAIG HONORS MORE MCGILL GRADS

Two Former Students are Mentioned in Despatches.

MANY HOLD HIGH RANK.

Major McTaggart and Lieut. Chauvin Are Undergrads. Honored by Commander.

Several McGill men are mentioned in General Haig's despatches on the operations on the Somme for bravery and distinguished service. Included in the number are the following:

Lieut.-Col. W. B. Anderson, Sci. '98, of the Canadian General Staff, and formerly of the Royal Canadian Engineers, who has already been awarded the Distinguished Service Order and was also mentioned in despatches for his services at the second battle of Ypres. Lt.-Col. Anderson was attached to the local staff before he enlisted, and is a graduate of the Royal Military College.

Lieut.-Col. T. V. Anderson, Sci. '01, commanding a detachment of the Canadian Engineers on the front, and previously mentioned in despatches of General French for distinguished conduct with the Canadians at the second battle of Ypres.

Lieut.-Col. J. A. Macphail, Sci. '93, in charge of the Canadian Engineers of the First Canadian Division, and who went overseas in command of the First Field Company of Engineers from Queen's University, where he was a member of the teaching staff. Lt.-Col. Macphail won the D. S. O. earlier in the war.

Lieut. E. M. Chauvin, Arts '16, an undergraduate who was one of several McGill men to enlist in the 5th Canadian Mounted Rifles. He has been on the list of missing for some time.

Major E. C. M. Cape, Sci. '98, a prominent Montreal contractor before he was offered and accepted the command of No. 3 Canadian Siege Battery, which has done splendid work on the Somme front. On the outbreak of war, Major Cape enlisted as a private in the McGill Contingent, C.O.T.C., and there secured the rudiments of his military training. Since then his rise has been rapid.

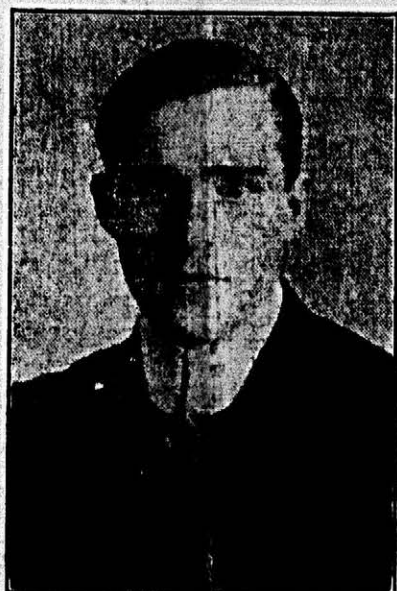
Lieut.-Col. J. J. Creelman, Law '07, previous to the outbreak of war a Montreal lawyer, and lecturer in Railway Economics in the Faculty of Applied Science. He has already been awarded the Distinguished Service Order, and the Russian Order of St. Stanislaus. He went overseas with the First Canadian Division, and now has command of a brigade of artillery at the front.

Lieut.-Col. A. G. L. McNaughton, Sci. '10, a young graduate who went overseas with the 4th Battery of Artillery, and has done fine service with the guns. He now has command of a brigade.

Major W. B. McTaggart, Sci. '15, is an undergraduate who has risen in rank rapidly since he went over as a Lieutenant in the 12th Battery of the First Canadian Division. He has been twice wounded.

(Continued on Page 4.)

WINS MILITARY CROSS.



LIEUT. G. ALAN JOHNSON, Science graduate who captured 16 Germans single-handed.

LT.-COL. C. M. EDWARDS IS AWARDED THE D. S. O.

Past Student of McGill Decorated For His Services Overseas.

Special to McGill Daily. OTTAWA, Jan. 5.—The Evening Journal prints the following from its correspondent in London:

Lieut.-Colonel C. M. Edwards, of Ottawa, commander of the 38th Battalion, has been awarded by King George the Distinguished Service Order. The good news came to him just on the eve of a very welcome holiday leave to England after the recent heavy fighting.

Lieut.-Colonel Edwards is a past student of McGill, who has been in command of the 38th Battalion since it was organized in Ottawa shortly after war was declared. At the time of the formation of the First Universities Company, this unit was originally designated "D" Company of the 38th, and as such went into camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Lieut.-Colonel Edwards at this time came to Montreal and inspected the McGill C. O. T. C. in the Craig Street Drill Hall.

Lieut.-Colonel Edwards is an Ottawa man, and an old officer of the 43rd D.C.O.R., in which he originally enlisted as a private. Previous to the war he was Canadian sales manager for Watson and Todd, lumber exporters, and is also a large stockholder of the W. C. Edwards Co., lumbermen, Ottawa. Lieut.-Col. Edwards' unit, the 38th, acted as a garrison battalion in Bermuda for a year before going to France, where it has won laurels, especially in the fighting on the Somme. Recently he has been acting as brigadier-general of his brigade.

RECOMMENDED FOR COMMISSION.

Miss Ethel M. Cartwright, physical director of the Royal Victoria College, has received word from her brother, Bombardier C. H. Cartwright, Sci. '17, of the 4th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery, that he has been recommended for a commission in the artillery, and will shortly enter upon a course of instruction in England.

Bomb. Cartwright was on the same gun as Gunner W. P. B. Bearist, Sci. '17, when he was mortally wounded.

PAYS TRIBUTE TO GALLANTRY OF GRADUATE

Fellow-Officer Writes of Lieut. C. H. B. Cooper.

DID SPLENDID WORK.

Was Engaged in Bringing Material to the Front Line Under Shell Fire.

How keenly the loss of Lieut. Corin H. B. Cooper, Sci. '12, whose death of wounds was announced some weeks ago, was felt by his fellow-officers of the 178th Company, Royal Engineers, is evidenced by the sentiments expressed in a letter to Rev. Sydney Cooper, father of Lieut. Cooper, written by Capt. R. S. Mackelligan, of the R. E. The letter, a copy of which has been forwarded to Dean Adams, of the Faculty of Applied Science, was written shortly after Lieut. Cooper was wounded, and when he seemed to be on a fair way to recovery. Later, however, erysipelas set in, and Lieut. Cooper succumbed.

The letter reads: "You will probably have heard from the War Office that your son has been wounded. He is doing well, and when I saw him this afternoon at the Casualty Clearing Station, was very cheerful, and not in much pain. He was taking his men up to work in a motor lorry, when a shell burst close to him. He is not in any danger, and should, so the doctor tells me, get perfectly well in time. He has been rather badly hit in the left ankle, and has some other wounds about him which are not at all serious. At present his left leg is in splints, and the doctors are quite optimistic about it. I cannot tell you how sorry we all are about it, and the Company can ill afford to lose even for a short time so good an officer as your son is. I should like to tell you a little about the splendid work he did during the early part of the operations in July last. He was responsible for getting the roads for guns and transport through to Fricourt at the earliest moment possible. The success of the operations depended very largely on this, and the magnificent way he carried it out, and the splendid example he set his men, won praise from everyone, and reflected great credit on the Company. Most of the work was carried out under heavy shell fire, and under great difficulties, and it was solely due to the determination and high example of your son that the men were able to carry it out so successfully. We should be so pleased if you could let us know from time to time how he progresses. If there is anything more I can tell you, or do for Cooper, please let me know. I should be so glad to do anything I can."

"11 p.m. Someone has just been over to see him, and says he is doing splendidly. Except for the ankle, there is really no need to worry."

NORM FORBES ENLISTS.

Norm. Forbes, Sci. '14, well known boxer and football player, has completed his course at the Royal School of Artillery at Kingston, and is now posted to "C" Battery, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery at Kingston. Forbes played senior football with McGill and also figured on the intercollegiate boxing team.

WHATCHUKNOWABOUTIT? ARTS PROFESSORS ARE NOW BEING PUT THROUGH THEIR FACINGS BY UNDERGRAD.

Arts students chuckled up their sleeves yesterday, when they beheld the interesting and somewhat unusual spectacle of members of the teaching staff of the Faculty being put through their A, B, C's by one of the students under their direction. This unprecedented state of affairs took place in connection with the course in the Russian language which has just been instituted, and which is being conducted by Elias Tartak, a Russian student of the Third Year. Not only are professors taking the lectures in the rudiments of the Russian language, which are being delivered by Mr. Tartak, but also heads of departments, and even the Dean of the Faculty. Among those who have registered for the course are Miss Ethel Huribatt, warden of the Royal Victoria College; Dr. Charles E. Moysie, Dean of the Faculty of Arts; Dr. Stephen B. Leacock, head of the department of Economics and Political Science; Prof. J. Harkness, head of the Department of Mathematics; Dr. Hermann Walter, head of the Department of Modern Languages; Prof. Arthur Willey, head of the Department of History; C. H. Gould, University Librarian; and Miss Fetherstonhaugh, secretary of the Faculty of Arts.

The lectures are proving most popular, and there is every likelihood that a second class will be formed, so large has been the registration.

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COLLEGE ACTIVITIES FIRST.

It has long been a matter of common occurrence for students to declaim about a man's duty to his University being before all else. Yet this excellent theory works out but poorly in practice. Time and again students have complained about missing some important function about college, and it never seems to occur to them that it was up to themselves to find out about it. When this is pointed out to them they fall back on the excuse of a previous engagement, entered upon far in the past apparently. They then consider that this is sufficient to exonerate them from any charge of slackness with regard to college activities. When it is a question of an important hockey match, such as the one on Monday, for instance, they are very eager for a week beforehand in urging others to accompany them to it, only to explain at the last moment that they have some pressing call in another direction. It produces a most dampening effect on a student to go to such an affair, in full expectation of meeting a dozen of his classmates who had promised to be there, only to meet with empty seats. It was this way with the tea-room at Stratheona Hall. On Friday afternoons everybody discovered important engagements which they had forgotten.

The real reason for all this is that the men students, in the first two years at least, never think of finding out, before making an engagement, whether there is some affair booked for the same day at the University, and whether it is their duty to attend it. To return to the example given, when we have a good team, and one which seems to have the best of chances of winning the championship in the league, there is not the slightest excuse for a man's not turning out to support it, and there is certainly none for his deliberately making a "date" for the evening of an important match, when knowing that his presence will help it to win.

It might be noted in this connection that Laval College, whose team is to meet McGill's on Monday, has never any trouble in having a big attendance at the Arena to cheer on their players, even although all of these are not students. The teams wearing the red and white of old McGill is entirely a student one, as we have cause to know, after the loss of two players who were not taking the two courses necessary to render them eligible. We are surely not to conclude that college spirit is more lively at Laval than at McGill, yet this conclusion is badly to avoid in view of the small attendance at the last two games.

Let us hope, then, that Monday evening will see a goodly section of seats filled with McGill supporters ready to do their share in gaining the victory, and that no "pressing engagements" will develop to prevent their attendance.

CO-ORDINATE INTERESTS.

The labor interests of the country are coming to recognize that the colleges and the universities, especially those that are supported by the public, are working toward the betterment of the conditions of the working class. In Pennsylvania the state federation of labor has established forty scholarships at Pennsylvania State college for the education of skilled tradesmen and women members of labor organizations. Last winter a lecture course for the benefit of the members of the Central Trades Council of Seattle was given at the local Labor Temple by the university extension division. These are two striking examples of this growing good feeling.

Until there is an absence of friction between the labor interests and the universities, the institutions of higher learning cannot achieve the greatest results. These institutions must look to the universities for a solution of their problems.

The universities have during the past decade made a study of the needs of the working class and have widened the scope of their curriculum to meet the ever-growing need. Organized labor has the right to demand that it be served by the universities. Until it makes known its reasonable demands to these institutions, the greatest co-operation cannot exist between these two great social organizations.—U. of W. Daily.

DEFENCE OF CANADA IN THE LIGHT OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

J. M. Dent and Sons, Limited, 27 Melinda Street, Toronto, are placing on the market what they call an "International Good Will Series," a copy of the first number of which is at hand. "The Defence of Canada in the Light of Canadian History" is the title of this little book of sixteen pages, whose author is Christopher West. The following is a synopsis of the article.

In the spring of 1865 four men sailed from Canada to England, as Commissioners to confer with the Imperial authorities on the defense of Canada, and on other matters.

The events leading up to this were the American Civil War, the Trent affairs of 1861 and the Fenian threats. This conference arose out of previous correspondence, showing that Canada was not only expected to contribute men and money to build up the military power in British America, but that such contributions should be made independent of local parliamentary control. The Duke of Newcastle recommended "some new form of taxation apart from custom duties," and advised that the administration and supply of funds should be free from the action of politics. This council pointed out to the Imperial Government that the defense for British America was to be found in the increase of her population and the extending of her national works. They agreed to train a Canadian force provided the cost did not exceed \$1,000,000 annually. This council contended that volunteer organization was spited for the country, and there

"was a decided aversion to compulsory service."

The Duke had suggested taxation other than custom duties, but the council did not deem such a course advisable.

The four men who refused to assume that a nation's neighbor should be its permanent enemy, and who saw in a threat a greater strength in times of trial than could be obtained by hired soldiers were, Sir John A. Macdonald, George Etienne Cartier, George Brown and Alexander T. Gait.

The second feature of contrast between the policy of the fathers of the Confederation and recent administration is the idea of the standing army. During Sir John Macdonald's time the "Permanent Militia" of Canada was restricted to 1,000 men, but in 1914 had increased to 3,000, with an increased expenditure of more than a million dollars.

Sir John A. Macdonald's principles were both simple and reasonable, viz., that Canada should not create a standing army, that her defense should be by her own citizens, and that that service should be confined to her own soil. It is clear that as far as Sir John was concerned his judgment was based on two considerations. One was a sympathetic regard for the temper of the French-Canadians, who love liberty and peace; the other was that the policy of non-interference was reasonable in itself.

It is the writer's belief that if the consequences of the Canadian people were laid bare, the true conviction of the people in 1914 would confirm and not deny the principles of defence laid down in 1865.

THE CASE OF OX. O. SHUTER—

A Tale of Sprague Hennedy.

It was late in the afternoon before I returned to my rooms, for I had been out since lunch buying a china pepper-shaker for my table. As I opened the door, I noticed that the lock was fused and blackened and the door itself charred all around the handle. Somewhat alarmed by this, I grasped the pepper-shaker firmly as I stepped inside—to be greeted by the smiling face of Sprague Kennedy the detective, who was looting back in my favorite easy chair with a Panatela in his mouth.

"Hello, Jimson," he cried, on seeing me, "how are you? I just thought I'd drop in for a chat with you, as I hadn't a latch-key I simply used my oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe to melt the lock. Hope I haven't injured it permanently."

"Oh, Sprague," I cried, gratefully. "How kind of you to think of me!" And I dropped the pepper-shaker on the fender as I shook hands with him. "Have you any cases in hand, at present?" I queried.

"Well," responded Hennedy slowly, "to tell the truth, I have. It's rather a puzzling one, too. I am moved to tell you the facts."

"Oh, do, Sprague," I entreated, filled with eagerness to learn the mystery that now occupied his gigantic intellect. Sprague flung his Panatela into the jar of goldfish at his elbow and began.

"You have most likely heard of the impressionist poet Ox. O. Shuter, who has been so highly praised for his work. The wit of this genius has just called me in to clear up a mystery connected with the household. It seems that two months ago a large decanter of whiskey was missed from the buffet and has not turned up since. In addition, eighteen dozen bottles of champagne, forty-nine bottles of sherry, twenty pints of liquor brandy and—Hennedy consulted a list in his hand and resumed—nine boxes of cigars, together with a vast quantity of eatables, all of the cold variety, have disappeared in the same mysterious fashion. The servants have been most carefully watched by both Mr. and Mrs. Shuter, but seem to be above suspicion. It remains for me to solve the puzzle and discover the thief or thieves."

Sprague ceased speaking and gazed reflectively at the goldfish, which were now swimming happily about with their heads out of water. The Panatela having begun to get in its deadly work.

"Have you visited the place yet?" I asked timidly, fearing to break in upon his thoughts.

"No, not yet," he replied, "but tonight I intend to leave for Chateau de Bouillon, as the country-house of the poet is named."

"I hate to intrude, Sprague," I faltered, unable to conceal my longing to join him, "but if I could accompany you—"

"Oh, I suppose so," he answered curtly. I overwhelmed him with thanks. "I shall, of course," he suddenly remarked, "expect you to pay our fare." "Of course, Sprague," I cried, delighted at his thoughtfulness.

Three hours later and we were flying along on the train, toward the Chateau de Bouillon, where was to be enacted one of the strangest incidents of my experience. We were met at the station by a peasant, who in his crude fashion gave us much information about the household of Ox. O. Bouillon, and also about the country around. While speaking of the latter he raised his whip and pointed to a long cliff that was outlined against the sky.

"There," he remarked, "their be the caves as the old Romans dug out. Never been explored, most on 'em. Alookin' for gold, they was, I've heard folk say. I'm satisfied 'twas silver, meself." "he looked significantly at us. Sprague put his fingers in his vest pocket, and the old man smiled. The great detective drew out his watch, looked at it and observed, "It is fifteen minutes since we left the station; you should be able to go faster than that."

The old man scowled and slashed his horse viciously. He seemed greatly annoyed at something.

Some time later we arrived at the majestic Norman portals of the Chateau de Bouillon. Sprague paid the peasant and tipped the man a farthing, with which he seemed dissatisfied. At the door we were greeted by Mrs. Ox. O. Shuter, and were duly impressed. We had already gathered from our driver that she was the dominant figure in the household. She had been to a well-known ladies' college, and hence had very decided ideas about everything, which the husband had learned were not to be opposed. She belonged to a sewing circle, and spent her time in making fans for the baby Eskimos and foot-warmers for the infant Kafirs. Need I say more?

Her greeting was very warm; she desired us to set to work immediately, but Sprague was feeling a little weary and insisted on going to bed right away. We were conducted to our rooms by the two Siamese servants, No Chin and Lo Brow. These latter impressed me unfavorably by their silence and stealthy movements. I had my suspicions on the spot. Sprague appeared to notice nothing.

The next morning, after breakfast, Sprague began his investigations. What the result was I could not learn from his dejeuner, for he did not seem either pleased or downcast. At lunch, he whispered to me, "I have laid an ambush; this evening at six."

Later he explained to me that he intended to watch the buffet at that hour, when the miscreant appeared, to catch him by means of a little device he had invented. I was all expectation.

The temperature of the planet Mars is always below zero, was the statement recently made by Professor Henry N. Russell, director of the

During the morning we had had a talk with Ox. O. Shuter, our host. He was an intellectual young man with a long, white face, glasses and a haggard look. He took frequent sips of Scotch whisky, while talking; altogether he was hardly a pleasant companion. He seemed very reticent about the robberies, avoiding the subject sedulously.

When six o'clock came we quietly entered the dining-room and hung about for a time. No Chin and Lo Brow, who came in after a few minutes, seemed much excited, and insisted on our getting out. This confirmed our suspicions, but Sprague was still non-committal.

When the Siamese servants departed, we crept in again, and hid under the big dining table; it was not yet set for dinner. It was getting dark, but Sprague had his pocket search-light focussed on the buffet. As we waited, he hummed gaily that once popular song "The Three Fishers." Somehow it had a dampening effect on my spirits, and I was glad when he started on "I've Got Rings on My Fingers," adapting it to the tune of "The Marseillaise."

A sharp click suddenly attracted our attention. We gazed fixedly at the buffet. For a moment we saw nothing; then we realized that a tiny door in the wall had opened. Through this came groping a human hand. After waiting around for a minute it set down a bottle of Old Geneva and a cold chicken, and vanished with them through the aperture.

Even as it did so, however, Sprague pulled out a little round box, and whirled a handle in its side. Instantly a coil of wire rope shot out, unrolling as it went, and settled upon the hand of the robber. "My Patent Never-Slip Lasso," growled Hennedy in my ear, as we darted from our concealment.

A dreadful howl of pain echoed through the room, and the bottle of gin and the chicken dropped together to the floor. The Lasso seemed to be holding the miscreant fast, although we could hear a frantic struggle going on behind the wall. But, alas, when we reached the tiny door, Sprague, armed with a Bologna sausage, I with a couple of bananas which had hastily seized, our foe had escaped. The frayed end of the wire rope fell at our feet; within the loop was tightly wrapped a portion of a human ear!

"Aha!" cried Sprague, "he has escaped, with but slight injury. Quick, we must pursue him!"

By the aid of a tiny combination crow bar which the great detective had fastened to his fountain pen, we broke into the secret passage where the thief had hidden. We saw a narrow flight of stone steps leading up into darkness, and we clambered. Sprague lighting our path with his flashlight until we stood on a landing. Before us was a long panel with a small knob near the ceiling. "Now," said Sprague, "we are about to discover the thief!" He pressed the knob and we stumbled into—the study of Ox. O. Shuter!!

"Heavens," cried the occupant, as he sprang from his easy chair, dropping the book he had been reading. "What does this mean?"

"For a moment we were staggered. Then Sprague, crying, "It's all right, we're just chasing rats!" dashed past him and out into the hall; I followed him. As soon as we were outside, I turned to my companion in stupefaction. "How extraordinary," I gasped. "Can it be that Ox. O. Shuter himself is the thief? But why should he wish to steal his own property?"

Sprague, without replying, hurried into his own room, where we sat down to discuss the matter. "In the first place," began he, "the existence of the passage leading down to our host's room is remarkable, and might give rise to suspicion in minds like yours. But quite apart from the fact that he would be robbing himself, there is an absolute proof of his innocence. In the instant during which we were in his room, I cast my eye around and realized immediately that there could not exist there a hiding-place large enough to conceal the vast quantity of material that has disappeared. It is clear that we have to deal with a professional thief, but I do not suspect the servants of possessing the requisite brain and nerve. At all events, to-night I shall infallibly discover the author of these robberies. I shall place at every angle of the building one of my electrically-operated moving picture cameras. These will provide me with photographs of the thief escaping with his booty, and it will be an easy matter to track him down." So saying he went down to dinner. We noticed at the meal that the head of our host was bandaged; he explained that during the afternoon he had been reading rather too near the parrot's cage, and the intelligent bird had mistaken his ear for a mushroom, which was its favorite delicacy. There seemed to be something strained in the atmosphere, and Mrs. Ox. O. Shuter seemed highly annoyed that we had not as yet solved the mystery. Sprague assured her that by the next day everything would be cleared up, for he already knew the offender's identity. As we conversed, the host suddenly caused a sensation by pouring a glass of port wine into his eye in mistake for his mouth, through his interest in the words of the great detective. He seemed much confused.

That night, at eleven o'clock, Sprague crept into my room, holding in his hand a suit case full of apparatus. From it he took a number of rolls of film and showed them to me, chuckling with delight. "You see,"

he whispered, "there are three thieves. Laden with their booty they crawled out of the dining-room window at ten o'clock, and made off over the fields towards the cliffs. Without a doubt this cave which is shown in the photograph, is their hiding place. It is all shown here quite clearly, you know. Now all we have to do is to go to the caves and rout them out."

By means of Sprague's patent collapsible folding rope ladder, we descended from the windows of my room and began our perilous quest. It was a wild, wet night; the wind howled around us and the darkness was so intense that without our patent radium lamps we should never have found our way. As it was, Sprague was unfortunate enough to fall into a small brook, the width of which he misjudged in jumping it.

Finally, however, we stood under the towering cliffs and began our search for the cave shown in the photograph. As there were some thousands of similar caverns, it would doubtless have been a difficult task, had it not been that we were guided by a faint light coming from a deep hole in the rock. In a few minutes we were crouched outside the den of robbers, and were ready to begin our attack. We could hear the deep voices of the miscreants who, apparently, were indulging in a carouse.

"See," hissed Hennedy in my ear, "this is my patent Thief Producer. It will draw them forth as a millionaire attracts oysters. I simply hung these pipes in front of the cave with the noses pointing upward. Then by means of this little electrical apparatus, I drive a terrific jet of air through them, up past the mouth of the cavern. This creates a tremendously powerful suction, which increases every moment, and the thieves are dragged out of their hiding place. Quite simple."

"Oh, Sprague, how marvellous," I gasped.

In less than an hour, the great detective had made all his dispositions and was ready to begin the work. We withdrew to a safe distance about fifteen feet away from the cave mouth. Then, with a dramatic gesture, Sprague switched on the current. A faint hiss sounded, then a buzzing which changed suddenly to a loud drone as the machine came into action. The noise of revelry within the cave ceased abruptly. "Aha," chuckled Sprague, "they feel it already. Just wait a bit, though." The suction was becoming stronger and stronger. Frigorous yells resounded from within, mingled with ejaculations of the most violent character. Then with appalling violence a cold roast chicken flew out of the darkness, just missing my head. "It works, Jimson, it works!" shouted Hennedy in glee. "OW!!!"

The last exclamation was caused by a heavy decanter of whisky which sped out of the cave, and smashed to pieces on his head. It was followed by a veritable shower of bottles of champagne which reminded a flock of wild geese taking flight. They crashed all around us on the rocks. The Thief Producer was working indeed.

Next came a hurricane of cigars, bottles of beer, playing cards, cold meat, a huge ham, and a vast quantity of other food and drink. After this, with a fearful yell there shot from the black mouth of the recess the dishevelled figure of No Chin, the Siamese servant, followed a second later by that of Lo Brow.

"Aha," Sprague cried, "Now we have the thieves! Catch them, Jimson! But they were gone." So tremendous had been the impetus given them by the Thief Producer that they had been shot high into the air, and were already nearly a mile away and half that distance above the ground.

"Look," exclaimed the detective, sharply, as I gazed after them in dismay, "something more is coming!" Yes, something was coming! Last of all, amidst a final shower of comestibles, swiftly yet with a certain dignity about him, there whizzed forth our host, Ox. O. Shuter!!!! So tremendous had been the impetus given them by the Thief Producer that they had been shot high into the air, and were already nearly a mile away and half that distance above the ground.

"Come, Jimson," said Sprague, coldly, as he vaulted a low brick wall and set off across country in the direction of the station. "We can do no good there. There is too much unrest in that household for me, and I never liked interfering in family quarrels. We can have the Thief Producer sent on by express, charged to Mr. Ox. O. Shuter. Of course, I knew all along who was the offender, but I wanted to surprise you."

"Of course, Sprague," I cried in admiration, "You are wonderful!"

C.O.T.C. PARADE TO-DAY.

Official notice is hereby given to the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the McGill Contingent, C.O.T.C., of a parade to be held at 2.45 o'clock this P.M. The "fall in" will be on the Campus unless otherwise ordered by the Adjutant, which order, in the event of bad weather, will be posted in the several faculty buildings.

BASKETBALL PRACTICE.

This evening, at the Central Y. M. C. A., at 6.15 p.m., there will be held a practice of the first Senior and Junior basketball teams. As this will be the final practice before the playing of the first City League game, every member is urgently requested to be present.

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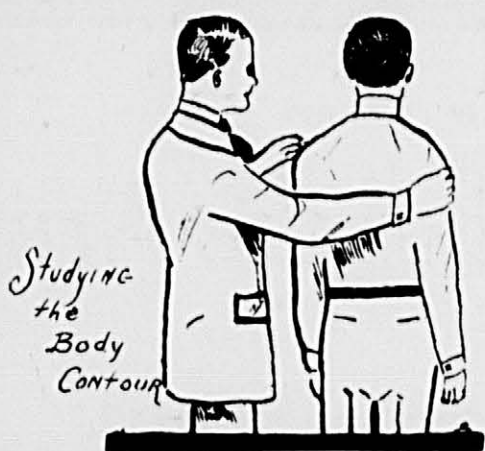
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MODERN MUSIC THEME AT ALUMNAE SOCIETY

Dr. H. C. Perrin Speaks at Meeting
Held at the R. V. C.
Yesterday.

At the fourth meeting of the Alumnae yesterday afternoon, Dr. H. C. Perrin gave a lecture on Modern Music.

Dr. Perrin opened his lecture by saying that music is generally divided into two periods, the classic and the romantic, but as a matter of fact, romantic elements are found in the classic, and classic elements in the romantic period. The speaker illustrated the different types of musicians from an example of children playing with blocks. One may follow the picture on the cover of the box, one may build on an original but definite plan, another may pile his blocks together anyhow without caring whether the result be beautiful or the reverse. The first typifies an academically trained student with talent; the second a genius, the third may have genius, and talent, or he may not. Chesterton would doubtless call the last type mad, as he defines a poet as one who lets his thoughts wander in the wild and a madman as one who fails to bring them back again.

Dr. Perrin then proceeded to give some very charming illustrations of modern music on the piano. These selections were drawn from English, French, German and Russian composers. Most of these pieces were practical, and were particularly illuminating and interesting owing to the lecturer's analysis of the theme. In contrast with such harmonious pictures as "On the Healer," and "Tikki Tikki Tavi and the Snake," the audience was amused by some futuristic pieces which presented neither symmetry nor harmony.

Miss Hunter moved a very hearty vote of thanks to Dr. Perrin for the lecture rendered delightful by the masterly treatment of the subject.

"PEP" PAISLEY HERE.

Lieut. Ernest H. ("Pep") Paisley, Sc. 16, former captain of the McGill senior football team, and now taking a course of instruction in artillery work at Kingston, was at caller at the McGill Union yesterday. Lieut. Paisley is returning to Kingston shortly to take his captain's course, and contemplates joining the next draft of Canadians to leave for England to enter the Royal Flying Corps.

"BOB" BROWN'S BIRTHDAY.

Yesterday was the 57th birthday of portly "Bob" Brown, Colonel "Bill" Culyer's understudy at the Union. Robert was born at Peckham Rye, Surrey, and acted as a coachman before he joined the staff at the Union. "Bob" was coachman to the Marjiah of Kalapur at the Coronation of King Edward VII, and also travelled extensively in Europe and South America. He was also coachman to Baron Rothschild.

SERVING WITH PIONEERS.

Lieut. Rene H. Perrault, a member of the class of Science 17, who went overseas last session, is now in France attached to the 3rd Canadian Pioneers.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

—Reviewed by Frankenstein.

Since the Editor has done us the honour to request our taking charge of this department, we take up our pen to do so, though with some diffidence; for the productions of McGill men during the past week have been so original that it is difficult for the reviewer to do justice to them.

The first book before us is "LOVE: A Poem," by A. Noodle. Mr. Noodle, who is in the Science Faculty, is 22 years of age. He has written poetry before, but this is his first serious attempt. It consists of six lines and an unfinished seventh line, and is evidently modelled upon the lyrics of Heine. Unfortunately our space is limited, and we cannot quote any part of the poem. Our readers will be pleased to learn that this work has already attracted considerable attention in college circles, and has been set to music by the leader of the McGill Orchestra.

"THE END OF THE KAISER": A Novel. By M. Noboddy, B.A.—This is a long and powerful novel of the realistic school. We spent a week in perusing it, and shed many tears while doing so; for the author is a master of pathos; and, in our humble opinion, stands upon a level with the greatest novelists of the age. Most of the scenes in this book are laid round McGill University (the author omits to tell us where this is), and many of the characters are drawn from life. We cannot do better than quote a few passages from the book:

"May 5th, 1922, had arrived! This was to prove a memorable date in the history, the eventful, fascinating story, of MacGill. On this day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the Janitor of the Arts Building was to receive the degree of LL.D. An unparalleled event, truly! But not one of the several hundred people assembled in Victoria Hall could have foreseen the serious and extraordinary consequences thereof."

The Hall was full to overflowing. Dean Moses, in a few terse, witty remarks, apologized for the unavoidable absence of Principal Patterson on this important occasion. The audience, however, did not seem to mind the Principal's absence in the least. Cries of "Alouette! Alouette!" came from the male students, but the Dean excused himself, saying that his voice was not so strong as it used to be. At this there was much laughter and applause, as well as stamping of feet, cat-calls, and other strange noises. Everyone was talking at once. The affair promised to be the greatest success of the season. And at that very moment, had they known the dreadful truth, the Kaiser, having escaped unnoticed from the battle of Berlin, was hiding in the smoking-room of the old Arts Building!

These extracts will enable our readers to form but a faint conception of the vivid, thrilling, masterly style of this great writer who has suddenly arisen in our midst. He goes on to tell us how the Kaiser's hiding place is discovered by the heroine, a lady who is not only beautiful, but exceptionally shrewd and observant. The following passage is from Chapter CVIII—

All sorts of questions arose in the Kaiser's mind as he followed her through the dark corridor. Who was this tall and stately woman whose manner was so authoritative? Surely she was not a servant! A member of the nobility, no doubt. And yet—who could tell? In this barbarous country everything was different from what was expected. The ordinary men looked like dukes, and the dukes looked like—No, she could not be anything but noble. And how pleasant her voice sounded! He had never known that English could be so agreeable to the ear.

Taking off his battered helmet, he sat down and covered his face with his hands. She noticed that his hands, which were covered with rings, were well shaped, and his hair was soft and silky. Even in his tattered, mud-stained uniform he looked decidedly handsome.

"For some minutes neither of them spoke. Tic-tac! tic-tac! went the clock, and presently Miss Mackenzie realized that it was saying something. Yes; it was saying very clearly—'GOTT strafe ENGLAND! GOTT strafe ENGLAND!'" Miss Mackenzie was reminded by the expression on the Kaiser's face, of a cartoon she had seen in the Montreal Star, and felt an almost irresistible desire to laugh out loud.

"Don't you think," she remarked, for the sake of breaking the oppressive silence, "that this is not a safe place to remain in?"

"The Kaiser made no reply. His eyes stared vacantly at the wall, and his long nose seemed longer than ever."

"Because," continued Miss Mackenzie, "the Principal is upstairs, and he may come in here at any moment." "The Principal!" exclaimed the Kaiser. "Ach! that bad man! How he talks about me in his lectures! How it hurts, how it hurts—here!" And he laid his hand over his heart. "You think perhaps I am mad now? But you are wrong. You English have a proverb: 'People who live in stone houses should not throw dice.' You understand me? And he laughed bitterly."

"That is true," said Miss Mackenzie, though she had not the slightest notion of what he meant.

"The Kaiser said nothing, and there was another long and disagreeable silence. Suddenly the tones of a trombone rang out, and the Kaiser, with a violent start, muttered something like a man talking in his sleep. Miss Mackenzie smiled as she recognized the tune that was being played on the trombone. It was 'I Want To Be A Soldier!'"

"That is Principal Patterson," said Miss Mackenzie with composure. "He practises all day long on that instrument. That is why he can't be present at the conferring of degrees. And—oh, it's maddening! He never plays anything else but that. I hear it in my dreams."

"Horrible, horrible!" said the Kaiser, speaking more to himself than to her. "The man has no ear for music. He is a barbaric barbarian. So are they all, all the English. Accursed race! They are all!" He stopped abruptly, and his pale face grew very red.

"I demand pardon," he stammered. "I forgot—I did not know—"

"I understand," she said gently; and then added, with a humorous smile: "You see, I am used to that. I've talked to so many freshmen that I am prepared for anything." "The Kaiser did not answer, but stared at her intently for more than a minute. Then the colour mounted up into her cheeks, for his eyes spoke more plainly than words, and what they said was this: 'You are the most wonderful woman in the world, and—I love you!'"

Nothing but lack of space prevents us from quoting the whole of this remarkable book. There has, we think, been nothing to equal it since the time of Victor Hugo. The author proceeds to relate how the Kaiser, aided by the soft-hearted Miss Mackenzie, bribes the janitor's assistant, is conveyed out of the Arts Building in a wheelbarrow, and then makes his way on foot to a place called La-Chine. (The author again neglects to tell us where this is to be found). Finally we are told that the Kaiser is at present the prosperous owner of a peanut-stand, and is known to all the neighbourhood as "Willie." This last touch betrays the hand of the supreme artist. Mr. Noboddy does not, like the ordinary writer of fiction, marry the Kaiser to the heroine, nor does he make him commit suicide by jumping down from the top of the Eiffel Tower. He tells us, that his hero adopted an honest and honourable, though somewhat humble calling. He became a vendor of peanuts. Like all sincere writers, Mr. Noboddy aims at telling us the exact truth.

PITTSBURG GAME.

At 2:00 o'clock this morning no word had been received from Pittsburg as to the result of the McGill game there, as telegraphic communication had been interrupted.

"VERY GOOD EDDIE."

The most delightful musical comedy, "Very Good Eddie," which has just concluded a twelve months' run in New York City, will open its engagement at the Princess Theatre on Monday night, for one week, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. The cast is the same seen during the run at the Princess and Casino Theatres, and includes Ada Lewis, Arthur Aylesworth, Helen Raymond, George Mack, James Lounsbury, Earl Benham, Laura Hamilton, Helen McGibney, Dorothy Sylvia, Elliott Taylor, etc.

The chorus of charming girls surpasses any of recent years, and they display a collection of costumes and gowns that are a riot of color and chic creations. The "Fashion Swagger Girls" will startle Montreal by their beauty, which has not been duplicated in a musical comedy in many moons.

"Very Good Eddie" has proven that it is possible for a musical comedy to possess a real plot besides an interesting story and charming music. The book of "Very Good Eddie" is a joint work of Philip Bartholomae and Guy Bolton, with music by Jerome Kern, who wrote the score of "Nobody Home," produced by Elizaeth Harbury and P. Ray Costello, who are now sponsoring "Very Good Eddie," and finding it an even greater success than "Nobody Home." Lyrics are by Schuyler Greene.

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Canada.

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government Institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to Cadets and Officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact, it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and Military Instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial Army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years in three terms of six months each.

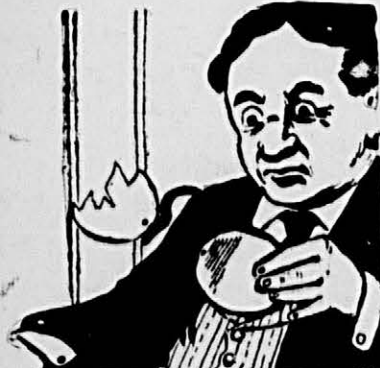
The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the college, takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

FAMOUS RUNNER CHAPLAIN.

A London despatch says that Capt. the Rev. J. D. Morrow, "the Athletic Parson," and past student of McGill, where he enjoyed a great reputation as a sprinter, has been posted as chaplain to the Canadian Discharge Depot at Buxton, England. Capt. Morrow went overseas as chaplain of the Toronto Sportsmen's Battalion.



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BROKEN occasionally, even with the best of care. If yours meet with an accident, don't throw them away, especially if they suited your eyes satisfactorily. Bring the broken lenses here and we will replace them with new lenses of exactly the same strength. We can match any glass at any time.

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QUIPS

—By A. S. N.

UNCLE SALT BASIN—THE EXAMS.

They're coming fast, those blamed exams, and lo! the hapless student crams, a night-light by his side; in autumn, when he had his chance he hied him to a show or dance, and let his studies slide. But now he's filled with awful fears, he sheds whole quarts of bitter tears into his coffee-cup; he feels he's wasted precious weeks and sweats until his dome-piece cracks, to try and make them up. Ah, vain, all vain, his wretched toil, his burning of the midnight oil, too late he has begun! But you and I collect our chin and beat it for the Campus Rink, to have our little fun. And while we skate beneath the moon, he masticates a toasted prune, and tries to keep awake, until some fatal day, by heck! he ties a stone about his neck, and jumps into the lake!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dear Iva.—The other day I was sitting next to a Science Junior at the Arena, and I saw him drinking out of a little green bottle; when he wasn't looking, I leaned over and took a drink. Later I found out that it was Red Cross gin. Do you think that it is likely to affect my nerves?

Dear Al.—Have no fear. A nerve like yours is fit for anything.

"IVA PAYNE."

WHO

Was the Arts soph. who was left behind at the station while returning to college, while all his belongings went on with the train?

Why did he get off the train?

WHO

Is the second year R. V. C. queen who makes additions to her facial beauty on the street, with the aid of a small mirror?

(See the corner of McTavish near the library last week.)

WHO

Is the Associate Editor who amuses himself at the M. A. A. A. rink by capturing young ladies' hand-bags and skating away with them?

WHO

Was the R. V. C. Junior who expressed her desire that the following should NOT be inserted in these columns, "Who was the R. V. C. student who asked not to be mentioned in Quips?"

ED. NOTE.—We hate to doubt the sincerity of this plea, but experience teaches; we trust that the lady is now satisfied. If not, our Correspondence Column is always open to the reception of complaints.

WHO

Is the Second Year Med. who gets faint at the mention of a brown hat?

WHO

Was the ungallant Arts Freshman who so basely deserted two young ladies after leaving the rink, on Thursday, the 30th?

Why did he leave them?

WHO

Will solve the "mystery of the broken lock" at the Union?

WHO

Is the senior Med. who has already spent his year's allowance?

WHO

Was the Arts Senior who received the anonymous letter from Ottawa?

WHO

Was the author?

A BLOOMING FLOWER.

Flo was quite a pretty girl.

Folks said she was clever.

But when she started in to talk,

Why Flo flowed on forever.

UNCLE SALT BASIN.

Uncle S. says: A girl may warb' that she doesn't like flattery, but don't take a chance on telling her that she looks like a rhinoceros.

POET SCORNER.

Edited by Pyrotechnic Pete.

Perhaps, gentle reader, away back in the dusty corners of your intellects may be dormant some recollection of a certain base libel against the trusting author of these columns, which we promised to deal with at some future time. The intervention of the holidays prevented us from carrying out this amiable intention. Now, however, we think it only right to make a few observations about it.

At first we were of the opinion that some witty Donalds was guilty of the authorship; there was a something about it that we suspected. But, finally we came to the conclusion that after all the writer was just what he claimed to be, i.e., a student of the Wesleyan Theological College, for surely such a rhyme-scheme could not be produced anywhere but in a Theological College. The writer claims to be "trustful," and indeed this is true, for one must have great faith in one's fellow-man when bringing to the light writings of this sort. We are not trying to be personal here. Perhaps you will remember that the effusion closed with these words, "You'll be begging for water some day, I fear, when I'm on a golden throne." This, we feel, is so; in fact, we freely admit that if the author ever attains to a golden throne we will be heard begging for water, and in no uncertain tone, either.

CASUAL CLARENCE.

He answers any question you like to put.

Today's Perpetration.

Quest.: Why are the ships of the Navy so uncomfortable to live in?

Ans.: Because they are cooled even on the hottest days of summer.

PERSONALS.

For Exchange.—Complete sets of Bacon and Shakespeare, in hippopotamus hide, with alligator trimmings and head-piece of solid ivory, to exchange for a banjo, cocktail mixer, set of poker chips, or what have you?

"ARTS '18."

Dear Clarence,—I know that fish is brain food, but I was talking with a student who lives in Westmount the other day, and he said that many of the people out there never eat

fish. Can you tell me why Westmount people are so clever?

JIM NAZIUS.

Dear Jim,—Clever? Say, someone has been kidding you about Westmount people.

CLARENCE.

My Dear Casual Clarence,—I was not gifted with reasoning powers, and in this extremity I must appeal to your generosity, to give your learned opinion on this question: In wartime there is a dearth of men, and therefore an excess of women. I understand why the price of nuts should rise, but the price of lemons has risen correspondingly, and prunes are just double what they used to be "before the war," whereas peaches just "aren't" at all. Can you tell me why?

Yours expectantly and hopefully,

(Miss) R. VEE LEMING.

P.S.—I know why dates are scarce.

ED. NOTE.—You speak from your own experience, of course.

LEADING BLIGHTS OF LITERATURE.—Sam. Ben. Johnson, "Jack."

Sam. Johnson, more popularly known as "Jack," was one of the greatest writers and pugilists of his day. He attained the world's championship by defeating "Tommy" Burns, the famous Scottish poet, and later knocked out "Jim" F. Jeffrey, the Edinburgh reviewer, when the latter attempted a come-back. His first important work consisted of a series of essays entitled "The Gambler" or "What's on the Cards," these essays brought him much fame, but an insufficient income, so he dashed off his famous work "Basslers," giving a few hints on the art of self-defence. He then attempted to write a dictionary, but the result was so weighty that on dropping it one day on his gouty toe with dire effects, Johnson kicked it through the window into the River Thames, where it vanished forever.

Johnson's end was a sad one. He had formed a club known as the Johnson circle; in this club he met a young man named Jess Spiller, a humorist and prize-fighter. Johnson attempted to show him how he had landed a left hook on Lord Chesterfield on a certain occasion, but most unluckily had his neck broken in the eighteenth round.

ALMOST A SUNBEAM.

A Crime in One Spasm.

Pollyanna stood smiling brightly at a pool of ink on the carpet. "I am so glad," she chirped. "Hardly good enough, my child," beamed her mother. "You should almost burst with joy over these little misfortunes of life. Smile, laugh, burl, get hysterical from sheer delight." Her father nodded. "Always be bright, my Pollyanna, shed gladness around you."

So Pollyanna went forth on her mission of light. Wherever she came women shrieked, strong men fainted. She smiled happily at a man who had stepped in the way of a steam roller, and the fortunate devil immediately expired—from joy.

She went to funerals and radiated gladness; she exclaimed brightly over the corpses in the Morgue. She was a ray—a dazzling beam of sunshine. One day—it was a Friday, I think; no, perhaps it was Tuesday. On second thoughts, I am almost sure, it was Tuesday, because that was ironing day, and Pollyanna was gladder than usual. Well, as I said, one day, a knock came to the door. There stood a squad of soldiers. Their officer seized Pollyanna's parents, and bound them. "You are sentenced," thundered he, "to die, for having perpetrated the most dastardly crime in history—greater than the Lusitania, far, far eclipsing the invasion of Belgium—the outrage of having brought into the world Pollyanna."

The sun was shining, and the birds were singing, and the lambs were leaping, as the two master criminals bade farewell to the world they had desecrated. Two shots and all was stillness, save for the voice of Pollyanna, in the attic singing with undiminished rapture.

"I'm an orphan, and my feet are cold, and there's a war in Europe, and thousands are starving, and I've got a toothache, and I am glad, GLAD, GLAD."

I. J. P., '17.

ED. NOTE.—So are we.

SAYINGS OF UNCLE JOSH.

Death is like the dentist. The longer you put him off, the worse it will likely be for you in the end.

"Just one," has started more people sliding than a ton of banana peels.

Man is born into trouble as the sparks fly upward, and woman is born to get all the blame for it.

When Adam ate that apple, he literally "got it in the neck."

"Work," says the philosopher, "is a necessity for human nature." That's just it; if it were a luxury, we'd like it better.

I. J. P., '17.

THE SIEGE OF THE STAREWAY.

It is by no means an infrequent situation in a "movie" plot to have the hero or heroine presented in the perilous position of defending a stairway single-handed against a swarm of opponents. This, however, is entirely eclipsed by a situation which is presented almost daily to the eyes of the students in Arts, when a number of R. V. C. students play with the battery of their glances upon the hapless occupants of the reading-room and the unsuspecting loiterers around.

The gravity of the situation has provoked the following bit of verse, specially written for us by one of the chief sufferers.

STARES.

I am getting old and fusty.

And perhaps I'm rather crusty.

What I'm going to say will maybe seem unfair.

But my nerves can no more stand it,

And I feel I must command it,

Prithee, let the fussing cease upon the stair,

Yes, I feel my courage sliding.

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The Mining Law gives absolute security of Title and is very favourable to the Prospector.

MINERS' CERTIFICATES.

First of all, obtain a miner's certificate, from the Department in Quebec, or from the nearest agent. The price of this certificate is \$10.00, and it is valid until the first of January following. This certificate gives the right to prospect on public lands and on private lands, on which the mineral rights belong to the Crown.

The holder of this certificate may stake mining claims to the extent of 200 acres.

WORKING CONDITIONS.

During the first six months following the staking of the claim, work on it must be performed to the extent of at least twenty-five days of eight hours.

SIX MONTHS AFTER STAKING.

At the expiration of six months from the date of the staking, the prospector, to retain his rights, must take out a mining license.

MINING LICENSE.

The mining license may cover 40 to 200 acres in unsurveyed territory. The price of this license is Fifty Cents an acre per year, and a fee of \$10.00 on issue. It is valid for one year, and is renewable on the same terms, on producing an affidavit that during the year work has been performed to the extent of at least twenty-five days' labor on each forty acres.

MINING CONCESSION.

Notwithstanding the above, a mining concession may be acquired at any time at the rate of \$5.00 an acre for SUPERIOR METALS, and \$3.00 an acre for INFERIOR MINERALS.

The attention of prospectors is specially called to the territory in the North-Western part of the Province of Quebec, north of the height of land, where important mineralized belts are known to exist.

PROVINCIAL LABORATORY.

Special arrangements have been made with the POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL, of LAVAL UNIVERSITY, 228 ST. DENIS STREET, MONTREAL, for the analysis of minerals at very reduced rates for the benefit of miners and prospectors in the Province of Quebec. The well equipped laboratories of this institution and its trained chemists ensure results of undoubted integrity and reliability.

The Bureau of Mines at Quebec will give all the information desired in connection with the mines and mineral resources of the Province, on application addressed to

HONORE MERCIER,

Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, Quebec.

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OCTOBER 7th, 1916.